
Title: To Remember...

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I saw a man wrapped in
strands of destiny. He
was chanting "Vas Quas
Por Wis Tym." He looked
at me, and I saw a great
sadness in his eyes.

"Hail Vasbeninlem, dreamer
of Ter Mur, I am very
glad to meet you. You
may call me Hawkwind."

I stuttered that I did
not understand.

"You are bal-sil-fer. You
have the gift and curse
to see the river of time.
That is how I am
speaking with you now. I
need you to do something
for me. I cannot tell you
if it will be something
great or something
terrible...

"You must retrieve a
book." He waved his hand,
and I had an image of
the proud people who the
Anskitas had been. I saw
their city of Monitor in
flames. I saw the waters
of time washing over
them. I saw the book and
a last desperate spell to
save a tiny fraction of
who and what they were.

"Send one of your
benevolence spirits to
retrieve it. You must
craft a container that
will protect it for a very
long time."

Again, he showed me a
strange vision. I saw an

older man, wisdom and
worry written on his
face. The wizard worked
in front of a crest of
the silver serpent, reading
the same book. I saw his
eyes brighten as he read.

I asked Hawkwind what it
meant. He sighed "I can
only show you the pieces."
My mind was flooded with
images:

Twin ruby gems forming
over millions of years...

The gems being cut and
infused with magic, one
was brilliant like the sun,
the other smoldered like
fire...

A great fire creature
handing the Scorched
Ruby to a group of
demons, binding their
fates together...

An air elemental carrying
a burning ruby high into
the sky and hiding it
behind a blue moon...

A cruel human standing
over his dead father, the
Sun Ruby in his hand
eclipsed by his evil
heart...

A sword smashing the
dark gem, sending shards
flying across the floor,
shattering a world...

My own hand carving
strange words onto two
stone pillars...

The good wizard from
before casting a
desperate spell with a
crystal shard. The light
of the blue moon dims
slightly for a moment, as
all of its magic is
focused through the
crystal...

A dark queen strikes
down an ally in a room
of Justice. She holds the
same shard...

A human king moves a
single gem away from a
pile of similar shards. He
looks into the gem, and a
flash of red fire causes
him to frown.

"My Lord, the Crystal of
Duplicity is tainted. You
cannot bring it with
you..."

Finally, I saw a queen
ordering her subjects to
bring the crystal into the
light, hope written on her
young face...

Hawkwind waited a few
moments for my mind to
recover before he spoke:

"Much good and much evil
will happen. We cannot
change everything. At
best, we can give tools
and weapons to those who
stand on the thin grey
line. We can only hope
that it is enough. Good
luck, dreamer."

With that, I woke up.